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## Edward Thomas Lighting Out for the Territory

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RALPH PITE

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The closing sentences of Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* have become famous.

Tom's most well, now, and got his bullet around his neck on a watch-guard for a watch, and is always seeing what time it is, and so there ain't nothing more to write about, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I'd a knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't a tackled it and ain't agoing to no more. But I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me and I can't stand it. I been there before.<sup>1</sup>

So, for Huck, to "light out" means to "set out." This "frontiersman's expression" gives, Lucinda Mackethan argues, "a definitive name to a mythic image of American experience."

[L]ighting out means escape to a new country where there are no rules or rulers or restraints, but instead a perfect freedom, a life of endless unfettered possibility.<sup>2</sup>

Likewise, David Plank and Gary Sykes observe that the expression has become intertwined with "the founding American story."

The opportunity to start over, to dispense with entanglements, to shake off the burden of past mistakes and "light out for the territory" and a new life is the essential American story.<sup>3</sup>

Twain, however, renders Huck's action ambiguous by placing it amidst the contradictions and aporias of American westward expansion. Laurie Anderson, in her postpatriotic echo of Twain's expression, become proverbial, similarly ironizes the prospect of "a life of unfettered possibility." Both writers are included here, however, in order to illuminate the work of the English poet Edward Thomas—specifically, the distinctive way in which he "lights out." Thomas took up and developed Twain's complex relation to the romance of departure and the quest for authenticity invoked by Huck's disappearance, his lighting out. What lies outside the boundaries of the "sivilised" becomes in Thomas's late poetry somewhere radically "unknown."

His poems from autumn 1916 correspond, moreover, I suggest, with the recent pursuit of an environmentally attuned spatiality.

#### MARK TWAIN: I GOT TO LIGHT OUT

Huck says he will “light out [ . . . ] ahead of the rest” because Tom had just earlier urged them to go together. As Huck recounts it, Tom said:

let’s all three slide out of here, one of these nights, and get an outfit, and go for howling adventures amongst the Injuns, over in the Territory, for a couple of weeks or two; and I says, all right, that suits me, but I ain’t got no money for to buy the outfit (361).

It is after this that Huck learns (from Jim, the freed, Negro slave), that Huck’s father has died and he has inherited money enough to buy an outfit and head on out. Huck’s departure coincides with his arrival as an entitled beneficiary of an ordered world of lineage and inheritance. To avoid being “sivilised” depends on profiting from the civilization left behind.

His gaining liberty stands also in an uncomfortable relation to Jim’s emancipation. Myra Jehlen reads the novel’s ending as reaffirming “the morality of an individual commitment to freedom in the face of society’s entrapments” while also observing that:

the necessity of sacrificing Jim’s freedom to Huck’s independence is inscribed in the novel’s very geography, in the river fork that heads one way to Jim’s emancipation and the other to the continuation of Huck’s outsider status.<sup>4</sup>

That is, Huck’s “lighting out” makes a sad contrast with his earlier not setting out, at Cairo, along the Ohio river towards the free states of the Union, and his following instead (accidentally in the fog), the current of the Mississippi, southwards into slave-owning states. Jehlen’s reading suggests a helplessness in Huck’s persisting outsider status; “lighting out” appears no different from drifting on. The vaunted adventurousness of the novel’s wayward boys comes across, suddenly and strangely, as resignation to opportunity. The drive of the nation west, which is partly what Huck’s “progress” epitomizes, appears in consequence more like submission (to economic and population pressures, to land hunger and the instinct of greed) than an act of self-realization or self-affirmation. Its justification as “manifest destiny” aggrandizes compulsion.<sup>5</sup>

T. S. Eliot, who sees Twain’s protagonist as coming “from nowhere and [ . . . ] bound for nowhere,” treats his acceptance of circumstance more favorably.

His is not the independence of the typical or symbolic American Pioneer, but the independence of the vagabond. [ . . . ] he is as much an affront to the "pioneer spirit" as he is to "business enterprise."

Eliot insists that Huck lacks the "imagination" Tom Sawyer profits from; but Huck has, instead, vision. He sees the real world; and he does not judge it—he allows it to judge itself.

His moving on necessitates, then, his disappearance: "he can only disappear," Eliot writes; he must vanish beneath the masks of adulthood and retreat into the margins of what Andrew Dix called "the instrumental, appropriative logic of an increasingly potent American capitalism." The indolence with which Huck goes with the flow—even as he lights out—endows him with the vision that Tom lacks. By contrast, the absence of passivity in Tom (the absence of absence) makes him adept, resourceful, and certain to succeed in life. The cost for Tom, however, is a failure to see. Hence, Eliot reads Twain's novel as a condemnation of the American pioneer for his destruction of—his blindness to—the places he occupies, and as a celebration of the alternative: the vagabond, wild spirit which "cannot cease from exploration."<sup>6</sup> Eliot does not allude to Huck's inheritance. Twain's narrative, of course, does and so it insinuates the irony that Huck, the pioneer of authenticity, may be blazing a trail for the likes of Tom—that the vagabond is also a scout.

Huck is moving, furthermore, into an ambiguous space. A "Territory" is land that has not yet become a settled state, nor is it in a settled state. The Iowa Territory, for example, was established in 1838, as an organized territory; it included areas that later formed parts of states of Minnesota and the Dakotas. When Iowa joined the Union in 1846, as a new "state," it occupied only the southeastern portion of the "Territory"; the remainder became, first, unorganized territory and then, in 1849, was formed by an "Organic Act" into the "organized territory" of the Minnesota Territory. Minnesota achieved statehood in 1858. Following the same pattern, the land outside the boundaries of the new state "fell unorganised" until 1861, when the Dakota Territory was established. The Dakotas achieved statehood in 1889. And so it goes on: "the land vaguely realizing westward."<sup>7</sup> The term "Territory" implies, therefore, both wildness and process, formlessness and emergent form.

Unexpectedly, perhaps, although lying beyond the boundaries of the settled, the territory is centralized:

Territories of the United States are sub-national administrative divisions directly overseen by the United States federal government (unlike U. S. states, which share sovereignty with the federal government).<sup>8</sup>

The space outside the gates of the world, therefore, promising freedom and escape, delivers a covert mastery. This affects both the vagabond pioneer, who is lighting out into government country, and the land itself: the fluidity of its unorganized condition is confined within, and fixed by, a narrative of acquisition and ordering.

Within that wider context, of a purportedly evolutionary narrative, *Huckleberry Finn* generates particular complications. Huck lights out west from the southern reaches of the Mississippi, where the story ends, eagerly expecting “howling adventures amongst the Injuns.” The “Territory” appears, therefore, to mean the “Indian Territory,” west of Arkansas. These destinations involve, as before, slavery: Arkansas was a slave state, and slavery was not abolished in Indian Territory until after the Civil War. Twain’s novel was published in 1884 and was set, according to the sub-title, “forty to fifty years ago.” Consequently, Huck’s “lighting out to the Territory” also invokes transformation in the condition of North America’s indigenous peoples, which occurred between the story’s temporal setting and its publication date. The Indian Intercourse Act of 1834 established in the western plains a vast area of “Indian Country,” whose eastern border was formed by Missouri (which joined the Union in 1820) and, further south, by the Arkansas Territory, from which the state was formed in 1836. By 1884, “Indian Country” had been drastically reduced to “Indian Territory,” in what became Oklahoma (which achieved statehood in 1907).

Twain was himself profoundly conflicted about “the Injuns.”<sup>9</sup> In his unfinished sequel to *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, “Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer Among the Indians,” Tom voices the belief, inherited from Fenimore Cooper, among others, that the “Injuns” are noble savages, ready to assimilate into European culture because they recognize its superiority. Twain’s narrative, however, in which a family of pioneers is kidnapped by Indians and the daughter gang-raped, proves this a self-serving and complacent fantasy.<sup>10</sup> The attack on Tom’s liberalism is conducted at the expense of the Native Americans, clearly. It follows, moreover, the pattern which racism took among the new imperialists, for whom, between primitive, animal brutality and hypercivilized degeneration, stands the pioneering masculine figure; he both orders the world and is renewed by the challenges he faces when marching into the bush.<sup>11</sup>

Only in the 1890s, following the Spanish-American war, did Twain become an outspoken opponent of American imperialism. In 1884, however, he treats Huck’s lighting out as a profoundly questionable action rather than a plainly culpable one—and one that was questionable in several ways. The prospect of liberation was shadowed by illusoriness

and self-deception, and the new appeared rehearsed. The promised sequel sounds likely to prove only more of the same. The venture of these adventures acquires a quality of routine: arrested development in the audience and, for the author, professional entropy. The freedom available outside the “sivilised” seems, in addition, a product of corrupt authority. Going away into the territory makes it possible to forget its transitional status. And, as you might feel tempted to ask, who will do the “howling” in these “howling adventures”? Is Huck, despite his savvy resilience and pluck, in truth naïve (like Twain, duped in Nevada)?<sup>12</sup> Has no one in the story (or its audience) heard of “the Trail of Tears”?

#### LAURIE ANDERSON: FOR THE TERRITORY

Laurie Anderson’s *United States* was presented over two successive evenings at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in February 1983.<sup>13</sup> The final song in the show is “Lighting Out for the Territories,” with Anderson speaking over a slowly alternating bass figure.

You’re driving and it’s dark and it’s raining.  
And you’re on the edge of the city and you’ve been driving all night.  
And you took a turn back there but you’re not really sure it was the right turn.  
But you took the turn anyway—you just kept going in that direction.  
And somehow it all looks sort of familiar so you just keep driving.

Hello. Excuse me.  
Can you tell me where I am?

You have been on this road before.  
You can read the signs.  
You can feel your way.  
You can do this in your sleep.

*“Like you 202—go. And like you 203—go. Go too, like you 202. Like you 202—go. And send ‘em out, Bill.”*

The first song, eight hours earlier, was “Say Hello,” and it narrated the “familiar occurrence” of taking a wrong turning: “you look around and absolutely everything is completely unfamiliar.”<sup>14</sup> In “Lighting Out for the Territories,” however, as close reprises opening, we are taken back to somewhere that “looks sort of familiar” and we “can read the signs.” Indeed, we are told, “You can do this in your sleep.” It is effortless and instinctive; because you can read, you do not need to—you can navigate by touch; you can feel your way. As the voice reassures, it seems simultaneously to hypnotize; its speech sounds like a lullaby, putting us to sleep—putting us back into the normal after the long excursion into the strange realms of the “United States.”

The arch intimacy of Anderson's voice at this point makes our return (our being commanded, obliquely, to return) appear menacing; no longer "out there" or "on the road," we are turning into one of the Stepford Wives; the condition of naturalness or instinctual familiarity seems infantilized. In "O Superman," the most well-known of these pieces, the impatient, forceful voice on the answering machine says: "Hello, this is your mother. Are you there? Are you coming home?" and Anderson later murmurs dreamily:

When love is gone, there is always justice  
 And when justice is gone, there is always force.  
 When force is gone, there is always Mom (Hi Mom)  
 So hold me, Mom,  
 In your long arms,  
 [ . . . ]  
 In your automatic arms,  
 Your electronic arms  
 So hold me, Mom,  
 In your long arms,  
 Your petrochemical arms  
 Your military arms  
 In your electronic arms<sup>15</sup>

May the force be with you, they said in *Star Wars* (1977), as blessing and farewell. And "Star Wars" became the popular name of the Reagan administration's Strategic Defence Initiative, developed in 1983—the military arms that would hold the US, by protecting it from incoming missiles. Unease colors this homecoming, therefore. As you return to safety, you are put safely to bed. Your mother's arms are weaponized. The comfort and security of home reveal their dependence on homeland security.<sup>16</sup>

Likewise in her album's title song, "Big Science," finding your destination seems an arbitrary event, a choice and convenience that is treated as destiny. "Hey pal," the voice asks, stepping outside into the cold:

how do we get to town from here?  
 And he said, well just take a right where they're going to build that new  
 shopping mall [ . . . ]  
 And keep going until you reach the place where they're thinking of  
 building that drive-in bank  
 You can't miss it  
 And I said, this must be the place<sup>17</sup>

By titling the final piece in *United States* "Lighting Out for the Territories," Anderson suggests, like Twain, that the desired, outlying space of freedom, unformed and imposing no form, is shaped and managed by the same powers that govern within the border. The marginal, whether geographical or

experiential, is a reflex of the center. Citizens of the United States cannot enter an altered state.

This point is suggested again when the show ends: as the performer drops out of role and receives the audience's warm acclaim, the stage manager is in command still, quietly ordering, "send 'em out, Bill"—out into the lights to take a bow, before the lights go out onstage and go up in the auditorium. The performance is a holiday from the life we are comfortable with—over two evenings of respite care. At the same time, "this must be the place." On their return from touristic excursions into redneck country, Anderson's characters find themselves home again—both cosseted and possessed. Her words and her voicings express the overpowering security of life in middle America: the internalization of conquest and subjection as finding your dream home. Clearly, too, she creates an ironic distance for herself and her New York audience from that bland life. Yet it is a distance without separation: rather, the irony offers a self-distance which forms part of the submission to controlling powers, and the ability to highlight such self-distance is another aspect of it. Anderson's circling ironies themselves express the inaccessibility of an outside or a beyond.

#### EDWARD THOMAS LIGHTS OUT

Edward Thomas enlisted in the British Army in summer 1915, and spent his first year in uniform training recruits in map reading and orienteering. In summer 1916, he volunteered for active service in an artillery regiment and was accepted. It meant leaving for France, something which he spoke of, habitually, as "going out," rather than as leaving for "the Front" or going "up the line to death" (which was the phrase in Army slang). He spoke more of the act of leaving than of the destination, and "going out" implied being extinguished—of going out like a light.<sup>18</sup> As a soldier, Thomas was struck by army life's orderly, daily timetable, from "Reveille" in the morning to "Lights Out" at night. Life as a freelance reviewer and writer had been freer and governed by self-discipline rather than external constraints. His Shelleyan poem "The Trumpet" celebrates the stirring effect of the morning call: "as the trumpet blowing / Chases the dreams of men, / As the dawn glowing / The stars / [ . . . ] Rise up."<sup>19</sup> A few weeks later, he wrote "Lights Out," a poem which, following the arc of the military day from action to rest, softens this fervor. It seems a poem of ending, of resignation and acquiescence—the first person sinking to sleep as the travelers sink into the woods. Thomas combines this quality, however, with its opposite: the poem obeys the command to end the day and simultaneously it "lights out" in Twain's sense.



I have come to the borders of sleep,  
 The unfathomable deep  
 Forest where all must lose  
 Their way, however straight,  
 Or winding, soon or late;  
 They cannot choose.

Many a road and track  
 That, since the dawn's first crack,  
 Up to the forest brink,  
 Deceived the travellers,  
 Suddenly now blurs,  
 And in they sink.<sup>20</sup>

"Lights Out" is one of several poems written in dialogue with Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken."<sup>21</sup> Conversing with Frost via poetry, Thomas would have been more likely to recall the meaning in American English of "lights out." Furthermore, during 1915, he had with Frost's encouragement considered emigrating to America instead of joining the army. Going out to France or lighting out, for the territory, was the alternative he faced.<sup>22</sup>

The forest on the borders of sleep can be seen, therefore, as in parallel with Twain's "Territory." Coming to its brink, Thomas's speaker must go on:

into the unknown  
 I must enter, and leave, alone,  
 I know not how.

These lines have autobiographical meanings. Thomas's going to France meant going against the wishes of his wife and his mother; it required him to sever connection with home (no "book / Or face of dearest look" can hold him back, he writes). It committed him to the anonymity of the soldier, the passivity and oblivion of the obedient functionary, whose life would depend on acquiring a capacity for moment-by-moment response, immediate and unthinking. And, thirdly, Thomas says that all who come to this point "cannot choose" to go on and "must obey."

Frost's speaker in "The Road Not Taken" must decide between two roads: "long I stood / And looked down one as far as I could [ . . . ] // Then took the other."<sup>23</sup> Thomas similarly places himself at a liminal moment, although his is a place of compulsion. Not being able to choose any other course was a vital claim for Thomas. Having no choice meant authenticity: being who he was, he could do no other. The opposite was not the voluntary choice Frost envisaged; rather, finding oneself inwardly compelled was proof that no external pressure was involved. "Nobody persuaded me into this," he told Frost in August 1915, soon after enlisting, "not even myself."<sup>24</sup> He chooses

the duty to which he is bound; Huck's drift remains unacknowledged, whereas in Thomas compulsion is embraced.

A specific target here, for Thomas, was his father's jingoistic and anti-German patriotism, which Thomas loathed. "Beside my hatred for one fat patriot," he wrote in December 1915, "My hatred of the Kaiser is love true." He would not, he said, hate Germans "to please newspapers" (ACP, 104). There was, as Thomas saw it, an element of scripted subservience in such fervent nationalism. To change suddenly from Bohemian intellectual to ardent supporter of the war would be to follow a well-trodden path—one, moreover, laid out before your feet by the powers that be. It would be to enter a territory already settled and colonized, however dangerous, energizing, and exciting the new departure might appear. Furthermore (and in line with Sassoon and other war poets, though quite independently of them), Thomas regarded such fervor as the preserve of those who knew they would remain unendangered. The truly patriotic act was to "go out," and that involved approaching the deathly territory of the front, which could not be mapped—a contrast clear to Thomas from his work, at home in England, teaching orienteering.<sup>25</sup> Really "lighting out" meant "going over the top." This was the moment of oblivious and self-oblivious courage.

The verbal texture of the poem supports the idea that Thomas's ending is a beginning or, in other words, that he is seeking the possibility of entering the unknown. Thomas reread *Hamlet* frequently, identifying with its self-doubting and hesitant protagonist. The "travellers" in "Lights Out" stand on the edge of "The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn / No traveller returns." Walter de la Mare's "Traveller" in "The Listeners" (a poem greatly admired by both Thomas and Frost) is also recalled. While he stands waiting for a reply to his knock on the door, the Traveller's "horse in the silence champed the grass / Of the forest's ferny floor." The listeners make no response and from their silence, he:

felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;<sup>26</sup>

Thomas both echoes de la Mare's forest and creates out of it one that is more menacing—both elusive and enveloping:

The tall forest towers;  
Its cloudy foliage lowers  
Ahead, shelf above shelf;  
Its silence I hear and obey  
(ACP, 136)

Thomas published a short study of John Keats in autumn 1916, and these lines recall the opening of Keats's "Hyperion: A Fragment." "Deep in the shady sadness of a vale [ . . . ] Sat gray-hair'd Saturn":

Still as the silence round about his lair;  
Forest on forest hung above his head  
Like cloud on cloud

In the silence evoking Keats's *Hyperion*, Thomas's "cloudy" suggests the closing lines of "Ode to Melancholy." Within "the very temple of Delight," Keats declares, "Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine."

Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might  
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.<sup>27</sup>

This, arguably the faintest of the literary echoes, is also the most important: "go not to Lethe," Keats writes in the first stanza, for fear it will "drown the wakeful anguish of the soul"; a rosary of yew-berries, the beetle, death-moth, downy owl or any partner in sorrow will dampen experience; received emotion will drowse out feeling. Only a "strenuous tongue" may escape these preconceived versions of melancholy.

Melancholy was, in Thomas's view, an engrained fault in his personality, and he sought from Army life, among other things, a discipline that would free him from practiced melancholia. Only by leaving previous habits of feeling behind could he enter Hamlet's undiscovered country. Reaching it meant leaving that previous self behind. Hence, he needed to be inwardly (and mysteriously) compelled to enlist rather than either conformist about it or decisive. "Lights Out" closes with the same gesture. The forest's "silence," Thomas says:

I hear and obey  
That I may lose my way  
And myself.

The final lines of these stanzas have two iambic stresses: "They cannot choose," and "I know not how," for instance. "And" in this closing line, therefore, attracts a stress and with that a weighty delay before the hurried, slightly awkward "myself."<sup>28</sup> The effect is to parody the self-importance which the sense relinquishes, the rhythm suggesting an embarrassed desire to be rid as quickly as possible of all concern with or interest in "the self." With that the idea of "losing his way," echoed from the opening stanza, subtly alters, from the usual meaning of getting lost or disoriented to the sense of discarding

habit and self-image—to being “out” in the sense Shakespeare’s Coriolanus voices, overwhelmed by his mother’s oratory: “Like a dull actor now, / I have forgot my part, and I am out, / Even to a full disgrace.”<sup>29</sup> For Thomas, losing track was no disgrace, because it enabled him to light out.<sup>30</sup>

“HEAR ALL DAY LONG THE THRUSH REPEAT HIS SONG”

Twain uses the phrase “lights out” sparingly, opting usually for other, similar phrases. In chapter 7, Huck “struck out for the canoe” and “got out among the driftwood”; in chapter 15, when the raft is swept away by the current, Huck “took out” after it. In chapter 41, he recounts hunting for Jim:

we got a canoe and took out after them and crossed over [ . . . ] then we paddled over here to hear the news [ . . . ] and I’m a-branching out to get something to eat. (*Huckleberry Finn* (43, 47, 91, 282))

Similarly, in “Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer Among the Indians,” when the two boys began their journey, they “saddled up the three other mules and rode out into the big moonlight and started west” (*Among the Indians* 39). This is a formal setting out, part of a colonial epic, by contrast with the vanishing, both tricksterish and innocent, that is suggested by “lighting out.”<sup>31</sup>

Beside these other usages, lighting out begins to feel like melting away. The idiom was, in origin, nautical: the *OED* cites mid-nineteenth-century seamen’s manuals for the command “Light out to windward,” meaning to haul a sail over to windward; hence, in an 1860 quotation: “the men on the yard [i.e., the yardarm] light out on their respective sides” (*OED*, “light, v.<sup>1</sup>, def. 5a). The verb itself—“light” as in “lighten”—suggests release, more than the sturdy endeavor of “took out,” the daring of “struck out,” or the cunning waywardness of “a-branching out.” So the idiom conjures up the freedom granted by weightlessness and suspension, something like the ghostliness of Edward Thomas’s Helen, goddess of the roads, whose “Troops make loneliness / With their light footsteps’ press, / As Helen’s own are light.”<sup>32</sup>

Thomas, in other words, discerns in Twain’s phrase the possibility of an absolute departure—comparable to what Eliot read as Huck’s disappearance. For Twain too, “lighting out” includes the suggestion of being set free but it does so within a context of contradiction and irony. Hunger for unself-conscious innocence seems a possible, hidden motive for Huck’s “moving on,” which the connotations of “lights out” bring forward; for the reader this possibility is accompanied by poignant feelings of loss and of Huck’s sorry self-deception. The undiscovered country is a memory of childhood become a dream. Thomas, in “Lights Out” and other late poems, treats these dangers as a spur to consider the means and the meaning of a move into

strange territory—of going beyond the security of the preconceived, from the unknown to the unfathomable. He makes a repeated and determined effort to get beyond the determined and into the new, and this paradoxical aim is one source of the poems' employment of iterative patterns of rhyme.

Just as the travellers sink into the forest, Thomas elsewhere, for instance, gazes out into the frightening "dark over the snow" where "The fallow fawns invisible go."

And star and I and wind and deer  
Are in the dark together,—near  
Yet far,—and fear  
Drums on my ear  
In that sage company drear.

Each stanza of this poem, "Out in the Dark" (written on Christmas Eve 1916), has a single rhyme sound across its five lines. The form suggests enclosure and watchfulness—of the speaker looking from indoors, from the shelter of the poem, into the darkness beyond. In this verse, the formal rhymes on deer, near, ear, etc. are tracked by an internal succession of rhymes on "star," "Are," and "far" (these strengthened by the assonance on "dark"). In the third line, "far" turns into "fear," and after that its more ringing vowel sound is heard no longer. In the second stanza, Thomas wrote that "when a lamp goes," the darkness that "stealthily [ . . . ] haunts round":

At a swifter bound  
Than the swiftest hound  
Arrives, and all else is drowned.  
(ACP, 138)

There is a comparable feeling of being pounced upon, this time by fear itself, which is engendered by the structure of the third stanza. The sudden grip of fear becomes relentless: it "Drums on the ear" in the rhyme sound and the alliterative "far" and "fear." The exhorting trumpet of training-camp life has been displaced by a dictatorial summons.<sup>33</sup>

In "The Dark Forest," written in July, Thomas registers the isolation imposed on those who cross the boundary:

The forest foxglove is purple, the marguerite  
Outside is gold and white,  
Nor can those that pluck either blossom greet  
The others, day or night.

There are "mighty multitudes" who "ride / About, nor enter in" and "other multitudes that dwell inside" but the two never meet. "Dark is the forest, and deep," Thomas writes (ACP, 130)—so dark and deep that you will be

lost, and become invisible, should you go in. In this, the last of three stanzas, the rhyme on “white” and “night” (half-echoed in “-ite” and “greet”) repeats the first stanza’s rhyme on “light” and “bright.” The poem’s somber evocation of individual solitude is “lightened” by this sequence of rhymes, such that isolation carries a hint of release. Similarly, while the forest flowers are familiar and readily named, they occupy an incommensurate world. As in “Lights Out,” here too “love ends, / Despair, ambition ends” (*ACP*, 136). Known characterizations of feeling and behavior no longer have purchase.

In “The Green Roads,” also written in summer 1916, the forest is again a place of relentless ending, in which people disappear. In its distich stanzas, the first line ends with the word “forest” every time, and the second rhymes internally. For example, in the opening stanzas:

The green roads that end in the forest  
Are strewn with white goose feathers this June,

Like marks left behind by someone gone to forest  
To show his track. But he has never come back.<sup>34</sup>

The iterations of the first lines resist the energies of the second, with their irregular pattern of rhymes and the rapid rhythms these produce. At the end, however, this relationship is reversed.

For the tree is dead: all things forget the forest  
Excepting perhaps me, when now I see

The old man, the child, the goose feathers at the edge of the forest  
And hear all day long the thrush repeat his song.

This concluding line repeats an earlier couplet:

In the thicket bordering the forest  
All day long a thrush twiddles his song.  
(*ACP*, 128–9)

In its second version, the line’s second half is more steadily iambic. This contrasts, moreover, with the exceptionally long and cluttered first line of the distich: “The old man, the child, the goose feathers at the edge of the forest.” “I see [ . . . ] And hear,” Thomas writes. As he simply “gathered sight and sound,” to use his phrase from “The Brook” (*ACP*, 97)—Thomas achieved a sense of balance (figured in the structure of the line) and of momentary eternity: the time-and-again repetition, all day, of a timeless piece of birdsong. So, this dark place, the forest, heavy with allusive resonance and symbolic portent, becomes a space where attentiveness, uncluttered and directly receptive, can be attained.

Other poems confirm that, for Thomas, departure into the unknown made it possible to focus on and receive the immediate. There are surprisingly few place-names in Thomas's poetry—"Adlestrop" is the exception rather than the rule. "Fifty Faggots" mentions "Jenny Pinks's Copse" and "Tears" remembers "Blooming Meadow." Both are real places. Likewise, Thomas's three poems to his children—"If I Should Ever by Chance," "If I Were to Own" and "What Shall I Give?"—all give delighted lists of actual places he could, imaginably though not in fact, bequeath them. Otherwise, objects and features are named—"The Path," "The Mountain Chapel," "The Chalk-Pit"—or location is left deliberately vague: Lob is found "At hawthorn-time in Wiltshire"; "Bob's Lane" (in "Women he liked") was planted by "Old Farmer Hayward of the Heath"—where that heath may be, the poem "secret keeps."<sup>35</sup> This makes Thomas's "The Sheiling" (written late November 1916) the more unusual.

Its title is both generic and particular: "sheiling" (sometimes spelled "shieling" or "shealing") is a Scots word for "A hut of rough construction" on summer grazing, and was sometimes used of the grazing itself (*OED*, "shieling," definition 2). "The Sheiling" was also the name of Thomas's friend Gordon Bottomley's house at Silverdale, Lancashire, where Thomas stayed in November 1916, on a farewell visit. The title refers therefore to one place and many others, to both house and land, uniting the two. Yet:

It stands alone  
Up in a land of stone  
All worn like ancient stairs,  
A land of rocks and trees  
Nourished on wind and stone.

Bottomley was a writer himself, a musician and a connoisseur of art—he donated his valuable collection of modern British paintings to Carlisle museum. At his house, accordingly:

Safe resting there  
Men hear in the travelling air  
But music, pictures see  
In the same daily land  
Painted by the wild air.

One maker's mind  
Made both, and the house is kind  
To the land that gave it peace,  
And the stone has taken the house  
To its cold heart and is kind.

(*ACP*, 137)

The enclosure of the indoors and its radical separation from what can be seen “Out in the Dark” is conveyed, in part, by that poem’s repetition of a single rhyme word in each stanza—each one thereby isolated. Here, the loneliness of the house is initially confirmed by the repetition of “stone,” the rhyme word in lines 2 and 5. Cold and barrenness seem remorselessly dominant; “Nourished” is stripped back to the bare bones. From within, though, the house extends culture and comfort: music is heard in the travelling air; the prosaic, “daily land” is filled, because of the house, with natural art. The outside, though, remains untamed; its painter is “the wild air,” whose wildness is accentuated through the rhyme scheme’s echo of “travelling air,” three lines before.

The poem’s five-line stanza is divided in this case exactly halfway through—at the caesura in the middle line: “But music, pictures see.” In its syntax and verse form, the first stanza evokes confinement: it divides after the third line, the second part repeating the subject of the first: “a land of stone” and “A land of rocks and trees.” The recurrence of “stone” in the final line feels, therefore, like coming back to square one. By dividing the third stanza so symmetrically—first music, then pictures—Thomas creates at once balance and energy, safety and force; the constantly changing pictures and the music of the travelling air are found within what is unchanging: “the same daily land,” which they do not alter.<sup>36</sup> The safety of the place allows the mind and the senses their freedom, and the sense of safety is established by that opportunity to gather sight and sound. The disturbing (even frightening) restlessness of persistent, nagging self-consciousness, which Thomas complained of so much, gives way in Silverdale to what he called, in “Interval,” “This roaring peace” (*ACP*, 39).

All this leads to the final stanza’s more definitive claim for the house: that it stands in an exchange of welcome with its surroundings. “One maker’s mind” that “Made both” refers in part to Gordon Bottomley, who has “Coloured, sweetened, and warmed” his house, “By arts and kindliness” (“The Shieling,” stanza 2); the music and paintings of stanza 3 are thanks to his design. The phrasing also suggests, however, God the Creator, maker of men and air and maker too of both house and land. That elision gives greater weight to Bottomley’s work. His human “arts and kindliness” have “warmed” the “cold heart” of the stone.<sup>37</sup> He has not conquered the territory but he has made it kind. Hence, in its isolation, the house has been accepted and found peace—even by the stony-hearted land, which proves welcoming; hence, in its extension of kindness to the land, the house has brought healing.<sup>38</sup>

From “The Shieling,” then, “Men hear in the travelling air / But music,” in the same way that, in the forest of “The Green Roads,” Thomas can “hear all day long the thrush repeat his song.” Beyond the borders of Thomas’s south coun-



try, Bottomley's house stands in a hostile landscape, as barren as the forest is dark. And, as the forest demands that Thomas give up self and preconception, ambition and power, so the house inhabits in peace the land it is sheltered by. Receptive perception—just seeing what the air paints, each day differently on the same places—is achieved by planning and care. The house provides both security and openness, and, as a corollary, its presence is seen as noninvasive. Thomas suggests a parallel between the way the house harmonizes active with passive—the maker's mental activity with just seeing and hearing—and the way it both occupies the land and is taken up into it.<sup>39</sup> Entering new territory, then, while it involves abandoning the known and the self that knows, also recovers self in a new mode: clearer-eyed, kinder, and more at home.

#### CREATIVE DETERRITORIALIZATION

The vacant space Thomas enters in "Lights Out" corresponds with a determination to be without determination. It expresses his aspiration towards a recovery of immediate and intimate experience through the dislocation of established patterns of thought—a dislocation so profound that it extinguishes the self. In "The Sheiling," such a change brings with it a new relation to space, where one sees pictures in "the same daily land / Painted by the wild air." Self, in these late poems, is both lost ("where I must lose my way / And myself") and regained, as in "The Sheiling" where the human is a maker in (and maker of) harmony with the external world.<sup>40</sup>

Bottomley's house, one might suggest, inhabits the landscape, constantly in interchange with it. Not only, therefore, may human being enter the deep forest of nature, but human making too. The Sheiling, Thomas's poem suggests, forms what it is fashioned by and is fashioned by what it has formed. *Poesis*, he implies, has the same interdependent, cocreative quality. Both individuals and communities would, moreover, ideally lead lives of reciprocal exchange with their surroundings—kindness deriving from and also generating the awareness that humans and land, stone and maker are of one kind.

To step beyond the familiar—into war or the north, the forest or the land of stone—may then, for Thomas, effect a change. He claims more firmly than Twain or Anderson do that a new departure is possible and a new territory may be entered. Twain is warier and more skeptical; warily and covertly, Anderson argues the need for disillusionment. For both, the new territory is an old story; for Thomas, there is route out of the story, and this makes his work of particular significance in the contemporary moment.

John Mac Kilgore, glossing Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari's concept of deterritorialization, outlines the several forms it takes in their thought: firstly, the negative deterritorialization of the despotic machine, then the

relative deterritorialization characteristic of capitalism, and lastly both the positive and negative versions of absolute deterritorialization. The former is “coincident with the nonterritorialized earth,” while the latter, the negative version, is a “suicidal organization,” whose “Passion for abolition” will lead to the earth’s destruction. Yet, Mac Kilgore asks:

From our vantage point today, it might be fair to pose the question, first, whether the disaster capitalist machine of globalization, ever pushing us toward both a fully conjugated and unsustainable earth, does not, in a suicidal respect, represent a repressed form of the negative absolute; and, second, whether a revolutionary machine of creative deterritorialization can emerge that is strong enough to stop it.

Mark Bonta and John Protevi, similarly, summarize Deleuze and Guattari’s awareness that “absolute deterritorialization” can indeed “create a new earth,” but may also “overcode the earth in the worst of all dangers, the fascist State—a form of organization which turns the lines of flight into lines of death and destruction.”<sup>41</sup> Moreover, as Doreen Massey, in *for space* remarks, following Lyotard:

there is much in postmodern capitalism which coincides quite well with indeterminacy and the avant-garde sublime.<sup>42</sup>

The deterritorialization promised by globalization and postmodern capitalism may then be illusory and oppressive. Laurie Anderson’s work responds to the same suspicion that postmodern indeterminacy has been overcoded in secret by the disaster capitalist machine. Its offer of liberation from the confines of locality and identity may be a mask for (and a means to) their reterritorialization by destructive, unsustainable powers—by forces which flatten persons as they homogenize the biosphere.<sup>43</sup>

Thomas’s late poems can be read, however, as in pursuit of the “creative deterritorialization” Mac Kilgore wishes to see emerge, if possible. Their dislocations and strangeness seek entry into an unknown in which self-surrender can bring into being a maker’s mind, and where giving up attachments becomes a way of establishing connectedness. Thomas’s feeling and aims correspond in many respects to those of Deleuze and Guattari, and this congruence illustrates perhaps their shared modernism. But rather as Thomas’s modernism is less utopian than that of Deleuze and Guattari, so his subjectivity does not flow away into the multiple connectivities of the rhizome. For him, personhood is still to be found in the deterritorialized, and there perhaps most of all, where the scripted self has been discarded and the maker’s mind is at work.

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## NOTES

- 1 Mark Twain, "Chapter the Last," *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, ed. Victor Fischer and Lin Salamo (U. of California Press, 2001), 362. References are to this edition except where noted.
- 2 Lucinda H. Mackethan, "Huck Finn and the Slave Narratives: Lighting Out as Design," *Southern Review* 20.2 (April 1985): 247.
- 3 David N. Plank and Gary Sykes, "Conclusion: Lighting Out for the Territory," in Katrina E. Bulkley and Priscilla Wohlstetter, eds. *Taking Account of the Charter Schools: What's Happened and What's Next* (Columbia U. Press, 2003), 176.
- 4 Myra Jehlen, "Banned in Concord: *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and Classic American Literature," *The Cambridge Companion to Mark Twain*, ed. Forrest G. Robinson (Cambridge U. Press, 1995), 103.
- 5 Similarly, the newness of his departure is qualified by being a repetition: "I been there before." The story's ending recalls the opening, when Huck is being looked after by "The widow Douglas" and ill at ease: "when I couldn't stand it no longer, I lit out. I got into my old rags, and my sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied" (*Huckleberry Finn*, 1).
- 6 T. S. Eliot, "Introduction" to *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1950), repr. in *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, Norton Critical Edition, ed. Thomas Cooley (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1999), 354; Andrew Dix, "Twain and the Mississippi," *Cambridge Companion*, 298; T. S. Eliot, "Little Gidding," line 239, *Four Quartets* (London: Faber & Faber, 1944), 48.
- 7 Robert Frost, "The Gift Outright," *Collected Poems, Prose, & Plays*, ed. Richard Poirier and Mark Richardson (New York: Literary Classics of the United States, Inc., 1995): 316.
- 8 "Territories of the United States," *Wikipedia*, [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Territories\\_of\\_the\\_United\\_States](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Territories_of_the_United_States).
- 9 For Twain's brutalizing account of the Goshoots, see Cheryll Glotfelty, "Literary Place Bashing, Test Site Nevada," *Beyond Nature Writing: Expanding the Boundaries of Ecocriticism*, ed. Karla Armbruster and Kathleen R. Wallace (U. of Virginia Press, 2001): 239, 243. For a valuable discussion, in a wider context, see Dianne Chisholm, "Landscapes of the New Ecological West: Writing and Seeing Beyond the Wilderness Plot," *Journal of Ecocriticism* 3.1 (January 2011): 67–93.
- 10 Twain wrote the nine extant chapters in 1884; see *Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer Among the Indians and Other Unfinished Stories*, ed. Dahlia Armon et al. (U. of California Press, 1989). Fenimore Cooper's *The Prairie: A Tale* (1827) is echoed in Twain's narrative. On Twain's hostility to Native Americans, and its erasure from his critical reception, see Carter Revard, "Why Mark Twain Murdered Injun Joe—and Will Never Be Indicted," *Massachusetts Review* 40.4 (Winter 1999–2000): 643.
- 11 On this subject, see Bradley Deane, *Masculinity and the New Imperialism: Rewriting Manhood in British Popular Literature, 1870–1914* (Cambridge U. Press, 2014): 115ff. Taylor Sheridan's film *Wind River* (2017) and his script for *Hell or High Water* (2016) thoughtfully assess these multiple perceptions of the West and its indigenous peoples.

- 12 Amy Clary, "Mark Twain in the Desert," *Journal of Ecocriticism* 3.1 (January 2011): 29–39, analyzes Twain's agreement with Emerson, that wilderness was "the plantations of God," alongside his knowledge that pioneer territories housed thieves and con men.
- 13 The music formed a five-album boxed set, *United States Live* (1984). Some parts had appeared before, on Anderson's *Big Science* (1982) and in her section of *You're the Guy I Want to Share My Money With* (1981).
- 14 Compare Laurie Anderson, "Americans on the Move," *October* 8 (Spring 1979): 54–55. In this written version, getting lost provokes doubt and self-blame: "You know when you're driving at night like this it can suddenly occur to you that maybe you're going in completely the wrong direction. That turn you took back there . . . you were really tired and it was dark and raining and you took the turn and you just started going that way and then the rain stops and it starts to get light and you look around and absolutely everything is completely unfamiliar." Recalled here is Marion Crane's (Janet Leigh's) journey in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* (1960) and her arrival, in the pouring rain, at the Bates Motel. Roma Baran, Anderson's producer since 1981, also produced *Music for the Movies: Bernard Herrmann* (1992). Herrmann wrote the score for *Psycho*, among other Hitchcock films.
- 15 Released as a single, "O Superman" reached number two in the UK charts in 1981.
- 16 Anderson's later work continues to probe the relationship between comfort and subjection—in *Home of the Brave* (1986) and the post-9/11 *Homeland* (2010), with its remarkable "Another Day in America," which registers her country's desolated self-containment and nostalgia for possession.
- 17 David Byrne may be echoing Anderson's phrase in his *Talking Heads* song "This Must Be the Place (Naïve Melody)" (1983). Byrne travels, like Anderson, into backwoods America in other songs: "The Big Country" (1978), "Swamp" (1983), and "Road to Nowhere" (1985), in the album and film *True Stories* (1986), and his collaboration with Brian Eno, *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts* (1981). The critical literature often discusses them together; see Tony Mitchell, "Performance and the Postmodern in Pop Music," *Theatre Journal* 41.3 (October 1989): 273–93.
- 18 Announcements at airports and railway stations can bring out, partly because of the fear in one's mind perhaps, the double meanings of "departing" and "departed."
- 19 Edward Thomas, *The Annotated Collected Poems*, ed. Edna Longley (Tarsset: Bloodaxe, 2008), 133. Subsequent quotations are from this edition, abbreviated as *ACP*. The poem (written September 1916) uses Thomas's characteristic complex, modulating syntax. Its rousing patriotism led to its opening Thomas's first collection, *Poems* (1917). Compare his "Cock-Crow," written July 1915, when he was enlisting (*ACP*, 101).
- 20 Thomas, *ACP*, 135–36. Iain Sinclair quotes from *Huckleberry Finn* in the title and the epigraph of *Lights Out for the Territory: 9 Excursions in the Secret History of London* (1997). He turns Twain's phrase from *lighting out* to *turning out the light*.
- 21 Frost sent Thomas the poem in manuscript at some point in May–June 1915; Thomas's comments suggest he had seen it (perhaps in an earlier draft) late in 1914. It is unlikely Frost meant the poem as a rebuke to Thomas over his hesitation about joining the army, although several biographers have put this gloss on it. See also Thomas's "Early One

Morning" (Thomas, *ACP*, 126), written in June 1916, which creates a dialogue between the English folk song "Rio Grande" and the American song "Shenandoah," a favorite of Frost's.

- 22 Frost had "always liked Twain," particularly enjoying his humor, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889) and "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" (1865). The last he used repeatedly in his college teaching, as an allegory hostile (as he was) to academicism. See Louis Mertins, *Robert Frost: Life and Talks-Walking* (U. of Oklahoma Press, 1965), 184. Thomas's main points of reference were in English literature, but he knew and reviewed works on or by Whitman, Longfellow, Emerson, and Willa Cather. Several reviews show that the poets Bliss Carman and Madison Cawein were both particularly interesting to him. Thomas reviewed accounts of frontier life—*In the Pathless West* (1904) by Frances Herring and *Pathfinders of the West* (1905) by A. C. Laut, among others. Notably, he also reviewed James Willard Schultz, *My Life as an Indian* (1907), set in Finn's Missouri country, and Henry Dwight Sedgwick's *The New American Type and Other Essays* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1908). This includes a laudatory piece on Twain: "He represents democracy, he embodies our national traits, he is the author of Huckleberry Finn, and the giver of laughter" (312).
- 23 Frost, *Collected*, 103. Frost left England in February 1915; he and Thomas kept in touch by letter and exchanged poems; interestingly, Frost sent Thomas "Out, Out—" during summer 1916, a poem shadowed by the war. See Thomas to Frost, 10 June 1916, in *Elected Friends: Robert Frost & Edward Thomas To One Another*, ed. Matthew Spencer (New York: Handsel Books, 2003): 137.
- 24 Frost and Thomas, *Elected Friends*, 93.
- 25 Thomas had an exhaustive knowledge of England's geography but he preferred to walk without a map.
- 26 "The Listeners" (1912), lines 3–4, 21–24; Walter de la Mare, *Collected Poems* (London: Faber & Faber, 1979), 84.
- 27 John Keats, *Complete Poems*, ed. Jack Stillinger (Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press, 1982): 248, 284. Edward Thomas, *John Keats* (London: T. C. and E. C. Jack, 1916). The book was commissioned in 1913 and written in 1914; publication was held back by the war. Critics have observed Keats's influence on Thomas's poetry, notably in "The Glory" and "October" (see Thomas, *ACP*, 87, 101, and 258).
- 28 The escape from self brings with it an escape from the self's compulsive desire for "The Other," the idealized alter ego of Thomas's poem (*ACP*, 40–42).
- 29 Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, 5.3. 40–42.
- 30 See also, perhaps, the closing lines of Book 3 of Wordsworth's *The Excursion*: "such a stream / Is human Life; and so the Spirit fares / In the best quiet to her course allowed; / And such is mine,—save only for a hope / That my particular current soon will reach / The unfathomable gulf, where all is still!"
- 31 In Sherwood Anderson's short story "I Want to Know Why" (1921), the young protagonist escapes, like Huck: "Mother wouldn't of let me go, but father always says, 'Let him alone.' So I got bread out of the breadbox and some butter and jam, gobbled it and lit out." *The Norton Anthology of Short Fiction*, 7th ed., ed. Richard Bausch and R. V. Cassill (New

- York: W. W. Norton, 2006), 3. The locution sounds more innocent and less defiant than the earlier "We fixed it all up and laid low until [. . .] some of our men, the sportiest ones [. . .] had cut out. Then we cut out too" (2). Similarly, in A. A. Hayes's story "Laramie Jack," *Century Magazine*, February 1890, the "remarkable frontiersman," Laramie promises the city-dwelling narrator that "tomorrow morning, my pard here an' I, we'll light out an' find your brother [. . .] an' I'll fetch him to you" (525). Both instances suggest a vulgar turn of phrase being redeemed and, with that, the discovery of worth in the unrespectable or the marginalized; in both cases, too, masculinity is the focus.
- 32 Edward Thomas, "Roads," January 1916, *ACP*, 107.
- 33 Compare Kevin Corstophine, "'The blank darkness outside': Ambrose Bierce and the Wilderness Gothic at the End of the Frontier," *EcoGothic*, ed. Andrew Smith and William Hughes (Manchester U. Press, 2013), 120–33.
- 34 Roads strewn with leaves or blossoms are a motif in Thomas's late poems—in "The Cherry Trees" and "The Long Small Room" (*ACP*, 120, 136–37).
- 35 Thomas, *ACP*, 50, 51, 52, 76, 90, 115–16, 127.
- 36 Thomas's poem "The Lane" (written in December 1916) again names a real place: "some day, I think, there will be people enough," it begins, "In Froxfield to pick all the blackberries / Out of the hedges of Green Lane." Immersion and self-loss lead back to the "same," unchanged everyday: "While the glint / Of hollies dark in the swollen hedges lasts—/ One mile—and those bells ring, little I know / Or heed if time be still the same, until / The lane ends and once more all is the same" (*ACP*, 138). Compare "The Path" (March 1915, *ACP*, 72).
- 37 Thomas mentions Penshurst in *The South Country* (1909) and "the personal vigour and courage [of] men like Chaucer, Sidney, Ben Jonson"; in the same passage, he celebrates "the old English sweetness and robustness of an estate of large meadows, sound oak trees not too close together, and a noble house within an oak-paled park"; Edward Thomas, *Prose Writings: A Selected Edition*, vol. 2: *England and Wales*, ed. Guy Cuthbertson and Lucy Newlyn (Oxford U. Press, 2011), 283–84 and 256n. Thomas included Jonson's "To Penshurst" in his anthology *This England* (1915), which also contains his most conventionally pastoral poems, "The Manor Farm" and "Haymaking" (*ACP*, 45, 94–95). On the other hand, *In Pursuit of Spring* (1914, but written before the war) voices suspicion about Sir Philip Sidney's Wilton House—its grandeur and artificiality contributing to the flaws in *Arcadia*. Bottomley's "sheiling" is, therefore, a perfect expression of the country-house ideal, because small scale and unimposing.
- 38 "The Chalk-Pit" ends: "imperfect friends, we men / And trees since time began; and nevertheless / Between us still we breed a mystery." Compare also the close of "The Mill-Water": "water falling / Changelessly calling, / Where once men had a work-place and a home" (Thomas, *ACP*, 89, 98).
- 39 This makes a contrast with the imprisoning or insecure houses elsewhere—in, for example, "Up in the Wind," "The Barn," "Wind and Mist," and "I Built Myself a House of Glass."
- 40 David Farrier remarks: "What Thomas frequently meets in the landscape is a strangeness that is both an extension of his own alienation [. . .] and an encounter with the radical otherness of the more-than-human world"; "Reading Edward Thomas in the Anthropocene," *Green Letters: Studies in Ecocriticism* 18.2 (2014): 136. His reading of Thomas's

postpastoral, “ecocentric perspective” is highly valuable, not least for its observation of the “fractal patterning” in Thomas’s “same-rhyming” (138) and other features of style. See also Edna Longley, “‘The Business of the Earth’: Edward Thomas and Ecocriticism,” in *High and Low Modernisms: Literature and Culture, 1889–1939*, ed. Maria DiBattista and Lucy McDiarmid (Oxford U. Press, 1996), 107–31. “The Sheiling,” not discussed by Farrier, suggests that, for Thomas, there was, within a fractal understanding of humanity’s place in the world, the possibility of interdependence.

- 41 John Mac Kilgore, “Deterritorialization,” in *Understanding Deleuze, Understanding Modernism*, ed. Paul Ardoin, S. E. Gontarski, and Laci Mattison (New York: Bloomsbury, 2014), 262; Mark Bonta and John Protevi, *Deleuze and Geophilosophy: A Guide and Glossary* (Edinburgh U. Press, 2004), 79.
- 42 Doreen Massey, *For Space* (Los Angeles: Sage, 2005), 112.
- 43 Fredric Jameson observes how “in a remarkable passage,” Deleuze and Guattari, “assert that capitalism’s deterritorializations are always accompanied by reterritorializations, or at least by the impulse to reterritorialize.” The urge “to reinvent the private garden or [...] practice the sacred after hours like a hobby” engenders something similar to Laurie Anderson’s world, comfortable, withdrawn, and quaint. Fredric Jameson, “Marxism and Dualism in Deleuze,” in *A Deleuzian Century*, ed. Ian Buchanan (Duke U. Press, 1999), 19. Ronald Bogue’s article in the volume, “Art and Territory,” helpfully juxtaposes deterritorialization with the history of “territory” in biology and ethology (*A Deleuzian Century?* 85–102).